

NEW YORK Saturday

Saturday

A Popular Paper

STAR

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PLEASURE & PLENTY

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Vol. III.

E. F. Beadle,
William Adams, PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, JULY 27, 1872.

TERMS IN ADVANCE
(One copy, four months, \$1.00;
One copy, one year,
Two copies, one year,)

No. 124.

SUMMER.

Come I come to the fairy trees!
Come where the perfumed shadows fall!
Come where Summer's charms have kissed
The velvet grass and trees so tall.
Bowers of verdure; domes of green;
Fests of fancy; magic spells;
Dews of dew; and flowers of flowers.
The murmuring day.
Beneath those domes of blended green,
Where the whole soul of poesy dwells!

Spring has smiled itself away—
End of beauty so fair to greet
Summer comes to gild the day,
Making all things in Nature sweet.
Fields and meadows with fruit,
Hope and Frome go hand in hand;
Earth is gay
As posied May.
Eolus scents his breezy late,
And Ceres smiles upon her land.
Seek the rosy vista's bed!
Wander amid the aisles of bloom!
Cats at sunbeams overture!
We of the sun must come!—
Drama of bliss—of Heaven—of all
That's glad and lovely, or beauteous gleams;
Ambition; Love—
Ay, of Love!
Now's the time for thoughts of all—
No time like Summer for such dreams!

Strangely Wed:

WHERE WAS ARTHUR CLARE?

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,
AUTHOR OF "ADRIA, THE ADOTTED," "CECIL'S DE-
CEIT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

PERCY LAMBERT TALKS BUSINESS TO THE
MASTER OF THE TERRACE, AND RECITES
A BALLAD TO THE LADIES.

THERE was a pallid line encircling Mr. Granville's mouth. His eyes were cast down, and he sat quite still, as if mentally revolving the dangerous points in the other's possession.

Lambert sat upright, the mantelpiece, twined his fingers meditatively in his luxuriant hirsute growth, and contemplated vacuity with an expressive countenance. Outwardly, the two men were quite unmoved, except for that blue pallor on the face of the one. Mr. Granville broke the silence presently.

"Have you any further revelations to make? I presume there is some object to back the strange tale you have just related?"

"A strange tale, but an over true one. You can remain non-committal if you choose, Mr. Granville, only remember the conclusive proofs I hold in my possession."

Mr. Granville waved his hand with a slightly impatient gesture.

"I confess to some curiosity regarding your intentions," he said. "If the medical certificate be authentic, as you declare, and not the production of an erratic brain, it can only prove the sanity of the patient at the time of its date. To my certain knowledge no such document could have been witnessed during the latter months of his illness."

"You are mistaken. Doctors Chalmers and Greene were called here to consult over the case. You had no suspicion that Arthur Clare had fathomed your designs. He was, in a critical condition, and together with your precautions you never relaxed your seeming zeal in procuring him every attention. Perhaps real danger sharpened his mental faculties and lent him strength to meet, and defeat you, with concealed weapons. The two physicians—one of whom was his regular attendant—displayed no hesitancy in preparing the document spoken of and keeping silence regarding it afterward. They are both living still, and had any open charge of insanity been presented, their testimony would have weighed down the accusation."

"I have the will in my present possession. I, alone, have knowledge of the whereabouts of the title-deeds and other proofs of Arthur Clare's inheritance."

"I know moreover that the Terrace and lands pertaining were heavily encumbered when you succeeded to them. You have since freed yourself of all obligations, besides proving lavish in your expenditures beyond the most prosperous of all preceding Granvilles."

"A heavy account could be brought against you, Austin Granville!"

"Is it your intention to assume the aggressive?" queried the latter, with a just-skeptical sneer.

"That depends," returned Lambert.

"I thought so. Be kind enough to approach, your point or defer the matter for a more convenient season. Our time grows limited."

The utter coolness of the elder man was matched by the nonchalance of the other. Their tones had never changed from those of ordinary conversation, and no excitement was manifested by either.

Lambert changed his position, crossing his hands upon his back and bending his face a little toward his host.

"I intend to marry Justine Clare," he said.

Mr. Granville started slightly. He was prepared for an exorbitant demand upon his purse, not for this decision. He was too politic to betray the sudden anxiety it caused him.

"I have heard of birds in the bush," he remarked, sarcastically.

Lambert only smiled and cast a downward glance over his person. It would be



Ride ye to the Gipsie's camp, and find Walt Lyon. Tell him to bide there yet, and give him this letter."

something new in his experience should he fail in charming the feminine bird he might cast his fowler's eye upon.

His host read the meaning of the glance, and tacitly acknowledged a good foundation for it. He beat a silent tattoo on the velvet-padded arm of the great chair, and then leaned forward confidentially.

"Why not marry my daughter, instead?

I have a faint recollection of your childish preference once displayed. Certainly, it would not be very difficult to revive it now."

"Hearts are the playthings of circumstances, you know. Truth to tell, Miss Sylvie is more to my fancy than the little Justine; but I have found it best policy to take the equitable side of any case when it comes as readily to hand."

"I can't say that I approve your wisdom," retorted Mr. Granville, with a shrug of his shoulders. "Justine is an unmanageable minx when she is so willed. What may I expect in the event of your winning?"

"I pledge myself, not to betray you, and only require that you shall equally dower the two girls. I have heard your intention of settling a hundred thousand dollars upon your daughter upon her marriage-day. Let Justine's portion be the same, and I am quite content to leave the remainder under your management. This, with the understanding that you eventually make restoration of the entire amount specified in Arthur Clare's will."

"Your demand is moderate, considering the facts of the case," sneered Mr. Granville.

"It is, because you are in my power. I would not be ungenerous to a fallen foe, much less so to an active friend."

"I might, prove the latter were you to fall in with my suggestion."

"I believe I am consulting both our interests by doing otherwise. I have a superstition that Gerald Fonteney, whoever he may be, will turn up yet to enforce justice toward Arthur Clare's child, and I've determined to take the initiative instead. I

have acquainted you fully with my motives and resolves; we will consult further at another time."

As Lambert ceased speaking there came a slight clicking sound from the direction of the curtained window nearest them. Mr. Granville rose and went to it, drawing back the curtain and letting the full stream of light into the slight recess. The casements were sliding ones, controlled by a spring on the inner side. They could not be opened from without, and this one was properly closed. Nevertheless, Mr. Granville pushed back the sash and leaned out, watching and listening.

It was now quite dark, and his eyes, accustomed to the full glare of light, could distinguish nothing but a confused blending of substance and shadow.

Nothing moved, and he withdrew from the window, satisfied that the sound was of no import.

As he turned back into the room, the door opened to admit Sylvie and Justine, entering together.

Sylvie had benefited by the half-jesting advice of the latter, and appeared in a dinner dress of pale-blue silk, exquisitely trimmed with snowy swan's down. The open corsage revealed a lace chemisette rarely worked, with the round white neck rising from it like snow above snow, and the wide sleeves fell away from her arms exquisite in contour and bare except for a single bracelet of turquoise set in a band of heavy gold. A pure white lily drooped from her mass of yellow hair, and another nestled lovingly in the folds of lace upon her bosom.

Justine wore a house dress of ruby poplin. It was trimmed with a fringe of pendant jets that quivered unceasingly, tinkling like fairy bells with every motion. A narrow frill of lace edged it at throat and wrists and a scarlet ribbon glowed amid the rings of her dusky hair.

The dinner-bell rung almost simultaneously with their entrance. Justine took her guardian's arm, leaving Lambert free to escort Sylvie to the dinner-hall.

Justine wore a house dress of ruby poplin. It was trimmed with a fringe of pendant jets that quivered unceasingly, tinkling like fairy bells with every motion. A narrow frill of lace edged it at throat and wrists and a scarlet ribbon glowed amid the rings of her dusky hair.

During the meal he divided his attentions equally between the two, and when they retired to the parlors an easy footing had been established all around.

Sylvie, quiet and graceful, forwarding no superfluous remarks, but maintaining her part in the conversation with perfect ease, was, as he had declared, most after Lambert's liking. But Justine's saucy speeches and coquettish spirit rapidly advanced their acquaintance by introducing a wavy sparring-match in which she proved eminently victorious.

At nine, coffee was brought in, with fruits and bon-bons.

Several times during the evening Lambert's eyes had been attracted by the singular ring on Justine's hand; and now as she toyed with her Dresden china cup after refusing to have it refilled, his glance was arrested again by the unique circlet.

"You are not afraid of opals, I see," he remarked. "Do you know the superstition attaching to the gem?"

"I have heard something of a power of prescience attributed to it," she replied.

"Old tales claim that it brings disappointment and misfortune to its possessor. Yours, though, should retain a counter-charm, fenced in as it is by that barrier of purity."

Justine glanced down at the opal in the circle of pure, pale pearls about it. Her eyes softened to luminous tenderness.

"You can not frighten me, since it represents the greatest blessedness of my whole life."

Lambert shot a suspicious glance into her changed face. He put a question to himself and answered it in the same instant.

"Can it be the token of some *affare de cœur*? Pshaw! that child has never been troubled with a serious thought in her life. I verily believe, and if she had, Othello's occupation would be gone could I not speedily succeed the reigning ideal?"

Aloud, he said:

"I remember an irregular old ballad which accounts for the origin of the stone and the meaning attributed to it. Do you

care to hear it, or does poetry bore you, Miss Clare?"

"Oh, yes and no!" cried Justine. "The gem is a poem in itself, and if your ballad is so sweet it shall claim an abiding place in my memory."

For the time she had thrown away her jesting manner. Any thing pertaining to her precious ring, the gift of her lover husband, was sacred to her.

Lambert repeated:

"A lady sate in bower fair:

A knight bowed lowly at her knee;

Love, tender child, looked down and smiled,

Upon their troth-plight given tree;

The knight uprose from bended knee;

"Sweet love, a token give to me,"

And took a ring from off her hand;

A shield, a gift to set in arm,

With forth I haste to war's alarm."

Then Love looked down with gentle sigh

To note the moisture in her eye. "O Y—"

The lady she severed a golden tress,

And pressed to her lips with fond caress.

"Love fluttered near and swayed the bairn edd for

With downy wing, a glistening thing, I

And prisoned it within the ring."

"It took a flight from bairn to sky,

It took a flight from bairn to sky,

It took a flight from bairn to sky,

With a tender spark like living eyes."

"Oh, love, dear love," the lady spoke,

"An amulet I give to thee;

I shal abide till troth be broke

With which we plighted—thene and me.

"While it shall glow with blue-bright flame,

My love endureth still the same,

And till it pales, thy love for me

Shall keep thee still from all harm free."

"The lady sate in bower fair:

The knight was on the battlefield,

An earl bespake the lady's hand;

And to his pleadings did she yield.

"And Love, the child, no longer smiled,

But trembled over grief so wild,

But trembled over grief so wild,

The amulet had lost its charm,

Uncovered was the knight's strong arm."

"The opal's heart of living glow, nathur,

Grew pale, died out—and Faith lay low.

"The knight was born down on the field,

His life-blood stained the faithless shield,

"Love fluttered low, and swept his brow

With fragrant wing. Love caught the ring—

The deadning, paling, tell-tale thing.

"My lady sate in bower fair

With whitened cheek and heavy eye;

The earl, grown weary of her mood,

No longer raptured fingered by.

"Love, fitful thing, on joyless wing,

Drooped low and gave her back the ring.

"The lady sate in bower fair,

The opal's heart was stained with red.

The earl returning to her side,

There found the lady cold and dead.

"And in the opal's heart to-day

Lovers the faith she carried away,

With a heart with blue-bright glow;

But when it waxed pale in hue,

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owners since that; how we've laid low in the coverts, and fled away like hunted mice when discovery threatened us; how our people have followed their route without us except when their camping-ground was within two days' tramp of here. Always, wherever we have been, ye have kept a backward look upon this place. At yer bidding I've prowled about the great house beyond there till I know their out-comings and in-comings a'most to the minutes o'clock-work. I've got their customs for day or dark, and I've marked the lights in the house o' nights, till I could find my way to the rooms they use or to the ones that are mostly dark at any hour of the whole twenty-four.

"I reckon, if they'd seen the Gipsy tramp hanging around, they'd have looked to their bolts and bars closer yet; but for all o' that, their poultry-yard is never lost so much as a feather. Ye have made them safe, though ye are always foretelling better game and bidding me look to a great reward.

"Ye have talked of the duty I owe ye, and of a purpose which concerns us both; yet ye keep me in the dark while ye make no move nor no show of one.

"I am tired of the watch-dog life ye would have me lead. I am tired of lying in wait with no quarry ever coming to sight. I want to go back to my own people with no restriction on my acts.

"Ye are breeding mischief in me, I tell ye. I've watched them up there with their table loaded down with silver, with their silks and their jewels all agleam in the broad lights, and I've ached as I saw chance after chance slip by when I could have made myself rich with their treasure.

"Ye know we are not thieves. My people claim the right of a living off the world, and we account it no crime to snare the rabbits in any man's wood or to help our selves now and then to a fat pullet off the roost; but I never took a man's money out of his purse or so much as a crust ungiven from his house. But this teaching o' yours is dragging all the bad that is in me to the top.

"Ye may be own kin of mine, Mother Naome, but ye are not of Gipsy blood as I am. Ye may have the right, but ye have not the power to keep me longer from my tribe. I have served ye long and faithfully in the manner ye saw fit, but I will act no more with a fillet bound over my eyes."

He turned his defiant face toward her with the fires of excitement and determination burning in his eyes.

"Why, Art, Art, lad, what has come over ye? Have I not told ye that the time I have watched and waited for is at hand? It's not the watch-dog ye've played, lad. It's the part of the sleuth-hound that follows silent, silent, night and day—follows on, never pausing and never wearying till the prey's in sight. Would ye give up at the last and never taste o' the vengeance ye have sought? I have no Gipsy blood, ye say; yet is yours thinner and colder if ye turn yer back on the Gipsy's boast to let no injury go unpaid.

"The tale o' yer wrongs is no new one to ye. Yer father was thrown in a felon's cell; yer mother died of a broken heart. Yet ye would let the man who brought such grief to ye flourish in his wickedness. The more shame to ye, then, Art Lyon!"

"Cast no shame to me where ye have held back my hand," retorted the youth, sullenly. "I've besought ye for the chance of vengeance, but while ye fostered my passion for revenge, ye have withheld the knowledge that would enable me to wreak it. Show me the man who worked me that ill, and you'll taunt me twice with inaction."

"Ay, and yer hot blood would bring ye into trouble, and me to more sorrow in my old age. Trust me, and ye shall aim a blow that will be keener than knife-thrust, and herself shall go scathless. What made ye so impatient now, Art, lad?"

"Our people are ready for their journey to the South, and I've no liking either for these bleak woods or for Northern snows. Unless ye can show good reason for keeping me here, I go with them in two days more."

"Will ye not heed me, lad? I tell ye the time for work is nigh at hand. We have not been keeping watch on the fine house up there for naught."

"As ye say," grumbled the young Gipsy, his face lowering and sullen still. "They'll be having feasting and jollity with the holiday cheer ahead o' them, and a guest on his way to them now. I saw him on the road—a fine gentleman, whose hand would be defiled by touch of mine. Heaven send that his heart be as fair!"

He spread out his brown rough palms with a short laugh as he spoke. The old woman's eye caught a gleam of renewed animation.

"Say ye so? A guest bound to The Terrace—a man with fair hair, and a white skin, and a haughty look?"

"Then ye must act—act! Talk not the game, is in full view before ye! There is work for ye, Art, this very night."

"I'll not go at it blindfold, Mother Naome! Give me yer reasons and show me yer object, and I'll do my best for ye; but I'll not be bounded on by a word with no understanding to me."

"Anon, anon!" said the old woman, and turning abruptly, went into the hut again.

She came out presently with a large earthen dish in her hand, into which she ladled a portion of the contents of the kettle. She carried it within, and in a moment more called the young Gipsy to partake of the frugal meal.

It was nearing evening when he emerged from the hut, and avoiding the more frequented paths, made his way toward The Terrace. He advanced rapidly until he reached the immediate grounds surrounding the mansion. Then he approached more stealthily, keeping within shadow of the shrubbery, avoiding both the terrace and the winding carriage-drive.

The fading outer light flickered up the walls, and while he hovéd in concealment the ruddy glow of lights within streamed through the curtained casements. He crept close, and at last stood fairly within shadow of the walls.

He could distinctly hear the sound of voices, and moving silently, he paused before a window which was slightly ajar—probably left so by the housemaid for fresh ventilation, when she cleansed the rooms and forgotten afterward.

It opened into the room where Percy Lambert was confronting Austin Granville with a recital of those dubious acts of his in times past.

The Gipsy, crouching beneath the case-

ment, heard it all. His position was cramped and uncomfortable, but he never moved until Lambert ceased to speak. Then he straightened himself and stepped back, but a round pebble-stone turned under his foot, and throwing out his hand involuntarily, he struck the window-sash with a force that slid it into place with a sudden click.

He had the presence of mind to throw himself flat upon his face on the ground. He lay there scarcely breathing while Austin Granville leaned out of the window above him. When the latter had withdrawn, he raised himself cautiously, keeping still within shadow of the walls.

Previous vigils had acquainted him fully with the habits of the household. He could see the glare of light from the dining-hall, and soon the rattle of dishes and moving shadows in waiting, assured him that the inmates were assembled around the board.

Then he darted forward and in at a back entrance-way. It opened into the laundry, beyond which was a vista of lighted kitchen, pantries and cook-room. Servants were moving back and forth with the different courses, for they lived in true aristocratic style at The Terrace, and never a dinner that occupied less than a couple of hours was served there.

There was no chance of successfully running the gauntlet of these lighted rooms for the time; and Art, watching his opportunity, concealed himself in a pantry which opened from the laundry into the cook-room.

He remained there full three hours. It was not until coffee had been taken into the drawing-room that the butler locked up the domestic departments, and with those under him in service adjourned to the house-keeper's room for the remainder of the evening.

Then Art left his hiding-place, feeling his way cautiously through the darkness. He carried an assortment of keys, and had no difficulty in fitting them to the various locks he encountered on his way.

He paused at the drawing-room door listening for a moment, but moved on swiftly and silently when assured that all were engrossed there.

He had not boasted idly when he declared that he could find his way to any point within the house, and now advanced straight to the room which had been assigned him. It was midnight, and he had parted from his host an hour before, but no inclination to slumber had come upon him.

A disturbing influence was at work in his mind. The fall of the cabinet, which to the others was only a mysterious circumstance, assumed the shape of a formidable calamity to him.

He had kept his own counsel, determining to clear two points to his own satisfaction before deciding upon his course or taking another into his confidence.

First: who aside from himself knew the secret of the japanned box, and—by the rule of deduction—now held it in possession?

Second: would Austin Granville, knowing the loss of these proofs, still co-operate with him, as without the knowledge he could not refuse to do?

Over and over the questions had presented themselves, and regarding the first, he arrived always at the same conclusion.

But the other viewed from different points, was unsatisfactory and elusive still.

He believed it best that Mr. Granville should be made acquainted with the facts as they stood; but he would the latter then not defy him, and dare the danger as it might come from the unknown source?

He heard a footfall in the corridor, and starting forward, flung open his door, glad of some distraction from the vexed subject.

It was Mr. Granville himself, in dressing-gown and slippers, with a worn, harassed look upon his features. He, too, had been facing the situation in which he found himself, and was less inclined to turn a deaf ear to Lambert's demands than he might have been but for circumstances of which the latter was quite ignorant.

He paused at sight of his guest still up and dressed as when they had exchanged good-nights.

"What, Percy, not in bed yet? I thought I was alone in my vigil."

"I am wakful, and with sufficient reason, I think," returned Lambert. "Come in, if you are so inclined; I shall be glad of your company."

Thus urged, Mr. Granville advanced into the room. Lambert drew an arm-chair before the fire, and himself sat down, facing his host.

Neither spoke for a moment. Each discovered the hidden anxiety in the other's constrained manner, and was loth to expose his own weak point lest advantage should be taken of it.

Lambert was first to break the silence.

"I feel assured that you have been thinking over my proposal, Mr. Granville. How does it impress you after such consideration?"

"Not agreeably, you may be sure," responded the other.

Lambert laughed, carelessly.

"There's honor among thieves, and plain speech is often the best policy," said he.

"What course do you propose to pursue?"

"You are giving me little time to form a decision," returned Mr. Granville, evasively.

"It will be better to come to an immediate understanding. While we are not open friends we must be covert enemies, and I have the power to prove a dangerous one to you. Had we not better join causes for our mutual protection?"

"Perhaps," replied the elder man. "You can scarcely expect me to be pleased at the turn affairs have taken, but I am free to confess that a worse exigency might have been the result. Self-preservation is my primal motive, and after that I am well satisfied to have you associated with me. As it is, I am inclined to favor you so far as it may come in my power. Justine must marry sooner or later, and you may better profit by the knowledge you possess than to throw the advantage completely out of both our hands. I should be better pleased if you would identify yourself with me by wedding Sylvie instead; but that is a matter for your own judgment and pleasure."

Lambert inclined his head silently.

"Who is Gerald Fonteney?" he asked, abruptly after an interval.

Mr. Granville started. Had he answered in all truth, he would have said:

"He is a man whom I wronged long ago, and the fear of his vengeance has been the haunting terror of my life. The years he has held aloof have not invested me with a feeling of security. I have felt all this time that a danger like the sword of Damocles was suspended over my head by a single hair; and it is only because your proposal seems to open a safer course that I have permitted you to browbeat me into such ready acquiescence."

What he did was to repeat the name in a reflective tone.

"Gerald Fonteney! There was some trouble between him and Clare if I remember rightly. I should think him the last one the latter would have commissioned in any service of his."

"It may be the confidence Arthur Clare placed in him that makes me fear him as a dangerous enemy. I can't rid myself of it."

fall is the worst phase of the affair. Even a defect which might cause the bronzes to give way would scarcely result in this manner.

Percy Lambert, who had been stooping over the ruins, now rose up, not speaking a word, but with a baffled look upon his face. He had ascertained that the japanned box containing the title-deeds of Arthur Clare's estates—the proofs of which he supposed he alone possessed the knowledge—had disappeared from its place of concealment!

His blank expression might have attracted remark, but for Sylvie's sudden exclamation:

"Justine, dear child, what is the matter? You look as though you had seen a ghost."

"So I have—of spirits departed," returned Justine, stooping to recover a curiously-wrought metallic drinking-flask from the floor, where it had fallen. When the others saw her face it had lost the startled pallor which attracted Sylvie's observation, and so no questions were pressed upon her.

The truth was she had seen Art's face without the pane, and with her recklessness of consequences, resolved that her act should not betray a fellow-creature, though escaping, perhaps, from the punishment merited by a culpable deed!

The Gipsy saw that she had discovered him, and, loosening his hold, dropped to the ground. There was thick turf beneath the window, and in a moment he had recovered his footing and was racing away through the terrace grounds toward the tangled park.

CHAPTER VI

AUSTIN GRANVILLE AND PERCY LAMBERT HOLD A MIDNIGHT PARLEY.

PERCY LAMBERT STOOD BEFORE THE OPEN, GLORIOUS FIRE IN THE ROOM WHICH HAD BEEN ASSIGNED HIM. IT WAS MIDNIGHT, AND HE HAD PARTED FROM HIS HOST AN HOUR BEFORE, BUT NO INCLINATION TO SLEEP HAD COME UPON HIM.

A DISTURBING INFLUENCE WAS AT WORK IN HIS MIND. THE FALL OF THE CABINET, WHICH TO THE OTHERS WAS ONLY A MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE, ASSUMED THE SHAPE OF A FORMIDABLE CALAMITY TO HIM.

HE HAD KEPT HIS OWN COUNSEL, DETERMINING TO CLEAR TWO POINTS TO HIS OWN SATISFACTION BEFORE DECIDING UPON HIS COURSE OR TAKING ANOTHER INTO HIS CONFIDENCE.

FIRST: WHO ASIDE FROM HIMSELF KNEW THE SECRET OF THE JAPANNED BOX, AND—BY THE RULE OF DEDUCTION—NOW HELD IT IN POSSESSION?

SECOND: WOULD AUSTIN GRANVILLE, KNOWING THE LOSS OF THESE PROOFS, STILL CO-OPERATE WITH HIM, AS WITHOUT THE KNOWLEDGE HE COULD NOT REFUSE TO DO?

OVER AND OVER THE QUESTIONS HAD PRESENTED THEMSELVES, AND REGARDING THE FIRST, HE ARRIVED ALWAYS AT THE SAME CONCLUSION.

BUT THE OTHER VIEWED FROM DIFFERENT POINTS, WAS UNSATISFACTORY AND ELUSIVE STILL.

HE BELIEVED IT BEST THAT MR. GRANVILLE SHOULD BE MADE ACQUAINTED WITH THE FACTS AS THEY STOOD; BUT HE WOULD THE LATTER THEN NOT DEFY HIM, AND DARE THE DANGER AS IT MIGHT COME FROM THE UNKNOWN SOURCE?

HE HEARD A FOOTFALL IN THE CORRIDOR, AND STARTING FORWARD, FLUNG OPEN HIS DOOR, GLAD OF SOME DISTRACTION FROM THE VEXED SUBJECT.

IT WAS MR. GRANVILLE HIMSELF, IN DRESSING-GOWN AND SLIPPERS, WITH A WORN, HARASSED LOOK UPON HIS FEATURES. HE, TOO, HAD BEEN FACING THE SITUATION IN WHICH HE FOUND HIMSELF, AND WAS LESS INCLINED TO TURN A DEAF EAR TO LAMBERT'S DEMANDS THAN HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN BUT FOR CIRCUMSTANCES OF WHICH THE LATTER WAS QUITE IGNORANT.

HE PAUSED AT SIGHT OF HIS GUEST STILL UP AND DRESSED AS WHEN THEY HAD EXCHANGED GOOD-NIGHTS.

"WHAT, PERCY, NOT IN BED YET? I THOUGHT I WAS ALONE IN MY VIGIL."

"I AM WAKFUL, AND WITH SUFFICIENT REASON, I THINK," RETURNED LAMBERT. "COME IN, IF YOU ARE SO INCLINED; I SHALL BE GLAD OF YOUR COMPANY."

THUS URGED, MR. GRANVILLE ADVANCED INTO THE ROOM. LAMBERT DREW AN ARM-CHAIR BEFORE THE FIRE, AND HIMSELF SAT DOWN, FACING HIS HOST.

NEITHER SPOKE FOR A MOMENT. EACH DISCOVERED THE HIDDEN ANXIETY IN THE OTHER'S CONSTRAINED MANNER, AND WAS LOATH TO EXPOSE HIS OWN WEAK POINT LEST ADVANTAGE SHOULD BE TAKEN OF IT.

LAMBERT WAS FIRST TO BREAK THE SILENCE.

"I FEEL ASSURED THAT YOU HAVE BEEN THINKING OVER MY PROPOSAL, MR. GRANVILLE. HOW DOES IT IMPRESS YOU AFTER SUCH CONSIDERATION?"

"NOT AGREEABLY, YOU MAY BE SURE," RESPONDED THE OTHER.

LAMBERT LAUGHED, CARELESSLY.

"THERE'S HONOR AMONG THIEVES, AND PLAIN SPEECH IS OFTEN THE BEST POLICY," SAID HE.

"WHAT COURSE DO YOU PROPOSE TO PURSUE?"

"YOU ARE GIVING ME LITTLE TIME TO FORM A DECISION," RETURNED MR. GRANVILLE, EVASIVELY.

"IT WILL BE BETTER TO COME TO AN IMMEDIATE UNDERSTANDING. WHILE WE ARE NOT OPEN FRIENDS WE MUST BE COVERT ENEMIES, AND I HAVE THE POWER TO PROVE A DANGEROUS ONE TO YOU. HAD WE NOT BETTER JOIN CAUSES FOR OUR MUTUAL PROTECTION?"

"PERHAPS," REPLIED THE ELDER MAN. "YOU CAN SCARCELY EXPECT ME TO BE PLEASED AT THE TURN AFFAIRS HAVE TAKEN, BUT I AM FREE TO CONFESS THAT A WORSE EXIGENCY MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE RESULT. SELF-PRESERVATION IS MY PRIMAL MOTIVE, AND AFTER THAT I AM WELL SATISFIED TO HAVE YOU ASSOCIATED WITH ME. AS IT IS, I AM INCLINED TO FAVOR YOU SO FAR AS IT MAY COME IN MY POWER. JUSTINE MUST MARRY SOONER OR LATER, AND YOU MAY BETTER PROFIT BY THE KNOWLEDGE YOU POSSESS THAN TO THROW THE ADVANTAGE COMPLETELY OUT OF BOTH OUR HANDS. I SHOULD BE BETTER PLEASED IF YOU WOULD IDENTIFY YOURSELF WITH ME BY WEDDING SYLVIE INSTEAD; BUT THAT IS A MATTER FOR YOUR OWN JUDGMENT AND PLEASURE."

LAMBERT INCLINED HIS HEAD SILENTLY.

"WHO IS GERALD FONTENEY?" HE ASKED, ABRUPT

which tried to shadow the sky of my future peace. I've done my share in disposing of the fair knight, and turn him over to your tender mercies for all future benefits."

"Don't use metaphors if you mean me to understand you, Justine," said Sylvie.

"Plain English and unpalatable truth then, my darling. Mr. Percy Lambert did me the honor to propose for my hand, and I have unequivocally rejected 'him'; that's all. Will you ride to-day, Sylvie?"

"Not to-day, dear," returned Sylvie, with slight constraint in her voice.

"Have you one of your headaches, Sylvie?" inquired Justine, solicitously. "I did not observe before that you were pale, or I would not have disturbed you. Shall I bathe your head with *ea de Cologne*, dear?"

"No, thank you; and don't let my indisposition detain you."

Justine withdrew softly, leaving her friend alone. Poor Sylvie! she had just awakened to a realizing knowledge that the partiality of her childhood had grown up and strengthened with her maturing years, made consciously sweet in this brief interval by the belief that Lambert also remembered his old preference, and Justine's revelation came like a sharp blow to her confiding trust.

Justine donned her riding-habit, and went out to the stables. She saddled "Lady Bess" with her own hands, and led her forth, when Mace made his appearance.

"Why didn't your order her brought round, Miss Justine?" he asked. "I can get Selim ready in a couple of minutes, though."

"Thank you, Mace; but you need not attend me to-day. Tell your master that was my order."

"Ay, ay," grumbled Mace, as she rode away. "And if your blessed neck be broke through leaping of bars and racing down of ravines, your order won't save me from being discharged for lack of duty."

Justine took her way by a roundabout bridle-path to the little hut she had discovered the preceding day. The smoke from the outdoor fire crawled lazily up, as it had done then, but no one was in sight as she approached.

She came nearer the rude dwelling; but, before she had quite reached it, Mother Naome emerged from the low doorway.

"What would ye?" she asked, in her harsh tones. "Did I not tell you truly? Yet ye laughed at old Naome and her prophecies. Did the stars foretell truth, or were they false as earthly promises?"

"I'm quite assured of your verity, good Mistress Witch, and have come to make the *amende honorable*, if you know what that is," cried Justine, gayly. "You hit the nail so exactly on the head, if you'll pardon my using flash phrases, that I'm really quite curious to know who comes next upon the programme."

"You see, I have already disposed of one of the lovers you allotted me yesterday, and I'm quite anxious to know when I may expect the appearance of the other."

The old woman regarded her sternly.

"There's a time for mirth, and a time to weep," she began.

"Solomon said something of that sort, once upon a time," interpolated Justine.

"Ay, and there's a precipice opened out before ye, and there's danger all around. There are enemies creeping close, and there are plotters at work; and ye are blind to it all."

"Oh, no horrors, an' you love—my money," cried Justine, fumbling for her portemonnaie. "Sorry I can't cross your palm with gold, as I believe that is equivalent to propitiating destiny; but it's a thing impossible in this degenerate age of greenbacks."

"Put back yer money—I want it not," said Mother Naome. "Mark ye, there are foul times ahead. There are enemies that are to befriend you; and there are hidden friends. Heed and obey if you would escape the dangers that menace ye."

"My good Dame Witch, I am proverbial for my submissive spirit, so it only remains for you to speak—if you think it worth while. When the fates give utterance, mortal will must be held in abeyance."

"Mock not at that which ye understand not," said Naome, commandingly. "I tell ye there are secrets behind and snares ahead. Listen! There is a bride who is not a wife; she wears a ring, but she wears not her husband's name; she looks for him and waits for him, but he comes not, and others are on the track to bring trouble home to both. Ay, ye heed me now!"

"If you know that, you must know more," cried Justine, eagerly. "Oh, tell me of my husband!"

"I can tell ye nothing. Ye laugh at my warnings and scoff at the wisdom which would guide ye; so run yer course and repent when ye are tripped by the way, and there is no succor at hand."

Old Naome stood grim and stern, with her eyes fixed upon the young girl.

"Oh, please," cried Justine, pleadingly. "If you know Gerald—if you can tell me of him, or if you come from him, I'll do any thing you say."

Justine's upturned face was wistfully eager. She slipped her portemonnaie, a glittering combination of velvet and steel, into the woman's hand.

"Ay, ay!" mumbled Naome to herself. "I've known ye very like, and woe betid if ye be as fickle and changing."

"Then heed ye," she said aloud. "The Gipsies' camp is ten mile from here in the Danver wood. Ride ye there and ask for Walt Lyon. Tell him ye came from Naome and that they must not break camp until I send him further word. Tell him—I stopped to consider. 'I'll write it,' she said. 'Wait ye here."

She disappeared within the hut. Justine awaited without, unconscious that a pair of bright black eyes were peering at her through the interstices of the peering.

The Gipsy, Art Lyon, lay on a rude pallet, his swarthy face flushed with the fever induced by the pain of his dislocated ankle. Naome had put it in place and splintered it skillfully. There was no need of surgical aid; her knowledge of simple rules and medicinal herbs being ample for such an emergency; but the untamed spirit of the youth chafed at the confinement to which he was obliged to submit. He spoke to Naome in a voice too low to reach the girl without.

"It was she who saw me as I hung like a bat to the wall up at the place, there; and she never screamed nor sent them after me. If she were only a Gipsy now—Did she give ye that?"

He caught sight of the portemonnaie in Naome's hand. She tossed it toward him with a softer look on her hard face.

"A toy for ye while ye lay there," she said. "That girl on the horse out there is

the cause o' yer grief, and ye should get what comfort ye can of her. She's Fonteney's wife, lad!"

He fondled the pretty pocketpiece in his rough, brown palms, and turned to peer out again at the tiny figure, with the saucy face grown grave and tender, with the soft, dark hair blown in rings beneath the coquettish riding-hat, with its long scarlet plume.

The old woman found a greasy note-book and a stump of lead pencil, and scrawled a few lines. She tore off the leaf, folded it, and was going out, when Art called her back.

"It's but a light little purse," he said, "but it may make her friends. Bid Leo give the money to our little lads or the little ones."

He emptied its contents into Naome's hand, but kept the portemonnaie.

She returned to Justine then, repeating the instructions she had already given her.

"Ride ye to the Gipsies' camp, and find Walt Lyon. Tell him to bide there yet, and give him this; and if ye who are so free with yr providence would turn it to your own account and mine, let it go amid the Gipsy people."

"But will you not tell me of Gerald?" pleaded Justine. "Have you not so much as one little word for me? some assurance from him?"

"Is this yer faith?" questioned Naome, sternly. "Did ye not vow to trust to him? Bide yer time, and if ye be no less true to me, there's hope for ye yet!"

And with that Justine was forced to be contented.

It is needless to follow her to the Gipsy camping-ground. Let it suffice that her mission was faithfully accomplished.

It was quite dark when she rode up the winding drive to The Terrace. She found the household in a state of great alarm at her long absence, with Mace—sulky at the blame which had been laid to him—prepared to scour the neighborhood in quest of her.

At dinner she learned that Lambert had taken his departure for an interval, but Mr. Granville hinted that he might return again in the course of a few days.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 123.)

The Surf Angel: OR, THE HERMIT WRECKER.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM,
AUTHOR OF "THE DOUBLE DUEL," "SUB ROSA
FAST LIFE," "EL PIRATA," "SOUTHERNERS
IN NEW YORK," "A WRECKED LIFE,"
"DOOMED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DUEL.

Six weeks had elapsed since the departure of Captain Menken and his party, and having determined to leave the island and go to New York to seek his fortune, Milo told Ricardo and Theone of his intention, and of the reasons that prompted him to take the step.

Ricardo listened to him quietly, and then, while the tears rolled down his weather-beaten cheeks, bade him go, with his blessing, and promised if Milo deemed it best for Theone and himself to leave the island, to come on to New York and join him there.

Thus it was arranged, and one pleasant day in summer the Hermit Wrecker and his adopted children went aboard the sloop and sailed for the coast where a good landing could be made.

Here Milo left them, with many words of affection, and as he kissed Theone good-bye, bade her to remember that before long he would again see her, and that there was one in New York who dearly loved her, and would long for her coming.

Theone blushed, for she knew whom Milo referred to, and having thought over in her mind her true feelings as regarded her lover and Milo, she was compelled to admit that though she loved the latter dearly, the former held as strong a claim upon her affections, and of a different nature her regard for Leo certainly was, from that she held for her adopted brother.

Leaving Ricardo and Theone to return to the island, Milo took a vehicle which had procured at a small village, and drove to the railroad, and then took the train for Mobile.

From that city he went to New Orleans, where he remained two days, and just after dark on the evening in which he intended to depart for New York, he was hurrying along the street toward his hotel, when he suddenly came upon no other personage than Leo Menken.

A warm greeting passed between them, and then Milo learned that Captain Menken, in another yacht, which he had purchased immediately upon his return to New York, was then near the city, and that Milo was also on board with her father.

"I came up to town yesterday to receive and mail letters, and am to start back in the morning, but now wish to unfold to you a rare piece of villainy on the part of Oregon Minturn," continued Leo, after having explained to Milo his appearance in New York.

"Upon my arrival here," he went on, "I met Payne, one of the crew of the Sea Gull, and he informed me that Oregon Minturn was in the city, and had chartered a small sloop yacht to run down to your island and then carry off Theone. Payne further stated that he had been made commander of the sloop, and that he had a crew of four men, and in two days Minturn was to start. Obtaining from the sailor the address of Minturn, I sought him out, accused him to his face of his treachery and scoundrelism, and punished him with a blow."

"He challenged me to fight him, I accepted, and was just going to seek a friend to act as my second when I met you, and therefore place the matter in your hands."

Milo listened patiently to Leo, and his face grew dark with rage when he heard of the insult offered to Theone, and he at once insisted upon himself being the one to represent it; but to this Leo would not listen, and it was agreed finally that Milo should seek Minturn and have the affair arranged as quickly as possible.

Oregon Minturn sat in his luxurious rooms in the St. Charles, and was thinking of his revenge upon the Menkens, for Lotta had treated with scorn his offer of his hand, for all of his past life had been told to her. Since that offer, which had been made immediately upon their return to New York, Oregon Minturn had not been heard from, and none knew where he was, until the seaman met Leo and informed him of

the bold plan of the dissipated and reckless young man.

Thus was Minturn thinking about the duel he was to fight on the morrow, and how easy it would be for him to kill Leo, and thereby revenge himself upon the family, and then go to the island and take Theone as his prize.

A tap came upon the door, and, to his call to enter, Milo Duncan stood before him.

Minturn's eye quailed before the steady look of the man he had wronged, and his hand sought the table drawer where he kept his pistol.

Seeing the act, Milo said, quickly:

"I have not come to murder you, sir, but to act in a matter for a friend, Mr. Leo Menken," and then Minturn having referred him to his second, Milo sought that personage and the meeting was arranged for the following morning at sunrise, on the old battle-field below the city.

Punctual to the minute, Milo and Leo reached the field, and soon after Minturn, his second and surgeon drove up and dismissed from their carriage.

The spot chosen for the "deed of honor" was appropriate in every respect, for it was in a small copse of woods just on the bank of the Mississippi, and the river and a broad carriage highway afforded means of flight to the survivor, should he desire to leave the country to avoid pursuit.

Leaving their carriage, Minturn and Leo reached the field, and soon after Minturn, his second and surgeon drove up and dismissed from their carriage.

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covered, lying prone upon the ground, with his head resting upon his wife's grave, the form of Ricardo.

"Father, speak to me; are you ill?" asked the young man, earnestly, but no answer came to his question, and, with a sinking heart, he placed his hand upon the pulse.

"No, it beats; thank God he is not dead," said, fervently, and a moan came from Ricardo.</p

Saturday Journal

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, JULY 27, 1872.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold at all News-sellers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a news-seller, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers:

One copy, four months \$1.00
Two copies, one year 5.00

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A Brilliant and Touching Romance!

In the coming number of the SATURDAY JOURNAL we shall give the opening chapters of

PEARL OF PEARLS;

OR,

SUNSHINE AND CLOUDS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "FLAMING TALISMAN," "HOODWINKED,"

"BLACK CRESCENT," "BLACK HAND," "HER-

"CULES, THE HUNCHBACK," ETC., ETC.

While highly dramatic, like all of this spirited author's productions, this fine romance deals more directly with heart-life; and in "The Pearl" presents a child-woman of rare attributes. This child, it is a villain's design to defraud of her heritage, and how beauty and innocence are sometimes made to feel the weight of unmerited wrong, the romance portrays most impressively.

That man proposes but God disposes is verified. The Pearl is not a gem to tarnish, but one to be won and worn—Pearl is!

The story will greatly delight all classes of readers, and will serve to fill up many a pleasant hour of this not, sweetening season, when anything which makes us forget the blistering days and sultry nights is indeed welcome.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is now a splendid series of summer serials and short stories, and in each issue presents unique attractions.

Our Arm-Chair.

Chat.—Among the musical specialties should be mentioned Church's *Musical Visitor*, published monthly, in Cincinnati, by John Church & Co. It gives not only considerable excellent music, in each issue, but is a magazine as well—replete with matter of interest to those interested in music and musicians. Such publications greatly advance our public taste, and we could wish to see one or more of them in each household.

Our "Fat Contributor" (A. M. Griswold), not satisfied with the glory won on paper and platform, has resolved to try his hand on a weekly of his own, to be published in the "Queen City." It is one thing to say or write funny things, and another to print them, as "Gris" will discover. Printers' bills are neither blessings in disguise nor as edifying as marrying an heiress. If "Fat" don't come out Lean, in one year's time, we will vote for President of the S. O. I. We, of course, wish him all kinds of good luck. May his "Saturday Night" never go into eclipse!

The Binghamton *Republican* thinks Captain Mayne Reid is our great card. We are, of course, proud of his work for us, but we have other contributors whose popular value is not one whit less than that of the great border romance writer. It is our happy privilege to say that no paper published in America has more elements of strength, interest and home value than now attach to the SATURDAY JOURNAL, and no paper more truly represents the rising literary talent of the country.

Recent news from Africa informs us of the fact that Dr. Livingstone is yet alive and well, and that, encouraged by his numerous geographical discoveries, he is bound to remain in the interior until he solves the riddle of the Nile, as well as to map the leading features of Equatorial Africa. The pluck and tenacity of the veteran explorer are quite as wonderful as his adventures and discoveries. What a story will he have to tell when he returns home, if he is so fortunate as to escape the thousand dangers which beset his path! The record of his last six years of research and adventure around Lake Tanganyika and the country to the north of it will read like an Arabian Nights' Entertainment. May the dear, brave old man live to tell his story, and to enjoy the honors which the whole civilized world is eager to bestow upon him!

The Paradise of Fruits.—It is undoubtedly true that California is the finest fruit region in the world. There, gathered in one area of three hundred miles long by eighty wide, are the combined fruits of three zones, as follows:

We have, says a California paper, 2,550,000 trees of the apple kind (including pears and quinces), 570,000 of the peach kind (including apricots and nectarines), 211,000 prunes and plums, 47,000 orange and lemon, 45,000 figs, 80,000 almond and walnut, and 100,000 cherries, 20,000 olive trees and 29,000 grape vines. The pomegranate, nopal and citrus thrive, but are not numerous enough to deserve counting; the banana, plantain, guava, chirimoya, cacao, palm and pineapple are growing, but their profitable or extensive cultivation in the open air is yet doubtful. Tea, coffee and African sugar can be grown. Many delicate tropical and semi-tropical ornamental trees and shrubs adorn our gardens. The geraniums, fuchsias and finer varieties of the rose, the numerous Australian acacias and Eucalypti with their graceful foliage, the heliotrope, the India rubber plant, the floripondio, magnolia, camellia, and passion flower live through our winters in the open air.

Well may the State be denominated the Paradise of fruits! What other equal area on the globe can boast of such a fruitage? It was indeed a wise policy which made it a necessity to absorb that spot of land into the American Union!

A River of Liquid Fire!—We are told by an official statement from the Internal Revenue Department that the number of distilleries at work in this country is two hundred and fifteen, and that their daily capacity is two hundred and seventeen thousand six hundred and eighty-two gallons. Reckoning the whole voting population in round numbers at five millions, this would be over a

third of a pint of spirits a day for each male adult in the United States. This is nearly all whisky, for the proportion of other spirits distilled is small, comparatively. Admitting that the women and male youngsters under age drink some, there are as an offset to these a vast number of men who never drink spirits. Nor is the amount exported to other countries considerable. At the rate of production as stated above, one million seven hundred and forty-one thousand four hundred and fifty-six pints a day, we may calculate a half-pint daily on an average for every moderate drinker and toper. There is, no doubt, a great deal manufactured in small quantities and secretly, in a domestic way, in addition to this vast production of the taxpaying distilleries.

From this we can form some correct idea of the dreadful work which the Whisky Fiend is doing in America. The prevalence of drunkenness is indeed alarming. If, instead of seventy cents per gallon, the Government tax was seven dollars, it would be a blessing, *providing the law was enforced!* Oh, the curse of dram-drinking! Who can measure the height and the depth of the woes it entails? When will the law and public opinion unite in suppressing the evil?

MAKE FARMING PLEASANT.

There is a good deal of admirable advice in the papers to our country lads, headed "Don't Quit the Farm." The men and women who write those essays are to be praised, and I could cordially grasp their hands and tell them to continue in their good work.

You wonder why boys are so eager to leave the farm and rush into the whirlpools of the great cities; you can not conceive how they can leave the country's quiet for the city's glare, peace for racket, and purity of air for the stifled streets of the metropolis.

Will you allow me to tell you why? Farming is made too laborious. The boys have to work very hard, and if they need rest or relaxation, the farmer says, "When I was a boy, I had to work so; why should you?" Does this inspire the youth with ambition, and doesn't he think that life was not made for all work, work, work? When his young friends come from the cities, dressed in their fine clothes, he imagines they are obtained without trouble, and the dull, hard farm life then becomes loathsome to him.

I was acquainted with a young fellow—and a good lad he was, too—who was apprenticed to a crusty old fellow, who worked the boy until he became tired out. My young friend was fond of reading, but his employer couldn't see any use of his wasting his time in that manner. Pitying his condition, I used to send him papers. At this, his employer complained, and at the lad's own request, I desisted. Then I used to hide them in the hollow of an old tree, but as that was found out, I invited the boy to come and read in the evening at my house. Would you believe it?—the man for whom he worked followed him to my home one evening, and made a good deal of trouble over it.

The young men formed a literary association in the place, of which Edwin was a member. The man, with his whole family, had so much to say against it, that the boy, for sake of peace, left it. I am telling you my myth. I am showing you what drives the lads to the cities, and am talking to those who have the young under their care,

Make farming pleasant! Don't grudge your boys a few hours' rest; don't scold them because they want amusement; if you do, you will find that they look upon your work with disgust, and upon you as a tyrant. Enter into the pleasures of your boys with an eagerness, as though you considered them to be human beings, and not mere machines, out of whom you are to get so much work. Youth loves pleasure, loves sympathy, and loves to know what he accomplishes gives satisfaction. But if you take no interest in what he does and keep him in with too tight a rein, he'll soon free himself from your restraint and rush to the large cities, where he thinks all is liberty and freedom. And when he is away from home, do you know where he passes his time and who his associates are?

If you obey the Golden Rule and treat your boys as you would wish to be treated yourselves, you'll find the lads to be well contented ever to leave home. Shall we live to see the day when we can ask the country lad, "Why do you not try your fortune in the city?" and have for an answer, "My home is too happy a one to leave?"

I believe in work, yet not all work, and pains me to see how much some men value the muscles of their children than they do their brains and heart, and who look upon them for their money rather than their mental or moral value.

EVE LAWLESS.

MODEL YOUNG LADYISM.

There is a transition age when girls are sweet, gushing creatures, with all the fresh innocence of childhood mingling delightfully with the self-imposed dignity of approaching womanhood. When the crooked locks are left to grow long, and the gay ribbons which bind them back are no brighter than visions of future life. When the tucked skirts and pantaloons are first supplanted by a demit-train, and only a "finishing term" remains of restricted yet happy school existence. When the tender heart is worn upon the sleeve with such open, blushing acknowledgment, prepared to surrender unconditionally to the first silly daw of a young jackanapes who chooses to peck at it.

Charming, foolish little creatures, with no more idea of the weals and woes of life than they have gathered from the adventures and disasters which befall Paulina Maude in her fictitious path through a hundred and twenty-five chapters before her happy finale was reached. "It always is reached, you know, and the expanding but-terflies of real life never go beyond the blissful union of 'two hearts which beat as one,' to speculate as to the probability of Marmaduke Fitz George looking gloom over scorched ham and smoked tea, or Paulina Maude pouting for the new silk her lord and master refuses to furnish funds to procure; or—later still—teething herself at home, and growing thin and sallow, while a cross baby is teething, because the splendid prospects which spread before the young couple in that final chapter lost their pristine tints when subjected to the tests of actual experience, and the constant unromantic exactation of bread and butter for two.

The dainty girl's tastes never plunge be-

neath the service to arrive at these prosaic facts. They would knock all the pins from under those *chateaux d'Espagne* whose building occupies so many of youth's fleeting hours.

A season or two is quite sufficient to dispel the rosy, romantic mists, and Model Young Ladyism buds and blossoms out-right.

No more girlish gushes of intense though short-lived feeling; no more tears over Paulina Maude's distresses, to be supplemented by generous slices of bread and butter or relieved by tarts and currant jam; no more heroizing handsome shop-boys in bob-tailed coats, who win favor and commit petty larceny by filching peppermints from the show-case for the comfit-loving fair one.

Now, bronze boots with metallic heels, dainty dresses and sweet little hats, supplant the early dreams of lords and castles, and lovers' adventures. Old Bullion and young Luckymen share equally and alternately the light of her smiles. The one will give up unlimited credit in consideration, the other is lavish with chain bracelets and costly knick-knacks.

Happy young belle! She has no need to emulate her grandmother by darning stockings after candlelight; there may be some of her sex reduced to such extremity—she has heard instances cited, indeed, but such people are as far removed from her sphere as those they inhabited other worlds.

There is one unvarying conventional example which she rebels against at first, but ends by copying to the fullest extent. It is not gentle to be impulsive, to possess exuberant spirits, or give vent to free expressions; consequently, all that is natural is crushed down, and an equable surface remains.

It is gentle to be excessively courteous—one gains popularity by not snubbing one's dressmaker—so, there's a gentle tone and an unchanged look for all.

It is to gain the pinnacle of awarded distinction to become—

"Faithfully faultless, fitly perfect, splendidly mull."

Are hearts—warm, generous, faulty hearts—crushed into nonentities—do they slowly congeal in the perfecting process, or do they lie quivering and aching sometimes under the shackles which gentle breeding imposes?

Advocates of Woman's Rights have built up their standard from unmanagable offshoots of the general class, but Model Young Ladyism holds aloof, and unmoved sweeps on its accustomed way.

There's a goal, of course—there's an end to most things, I believe.

Model Young Ladyism generally ends in white satin and point, a brown-stone front, a plethoric bank-book, and a husband slipped somewhere among the accessories.

Sometimes it branches off into lisms or callings, or goes down with a crash through financial panics.

What gradually develops from the first, or springs from the ruins of the last, I wonder?

J. D. B.

PROFLANITY.

Can any one show that a person does any good to himself or to others by swearing? It is surely not a gentlemanly practice, and doubtless a person is ashamed of himself, for you scarcely ever know a man to swear in the presence of ladies.

And yet what a nation of swearers this is! The horse-car driver swears at his horses if they lag; the men awaiting in the car swear; the children of the streets swear as the car rumbles by.

Is swearing dignified? Is it noble to thus take the Lord's name in vain? Do you enjoy healthier days or quieter nights for the oath, you use? Swearing is degrading, sinful, and not only hurtful to oneself but also to those about you. If a parent swears, he must not think it strange if his children do the same thing. Whatever a father does the child looks upon as right, and at once commences to imitate the example set before him.

A man, noted for his use of oaths, one day, on coming home, found his bright-eyed, curly-headed boy playing with his wooden horse, swearing away like a trooper, using words which thank Heaven he did not understand.

How is this, Mary?" asked the man, in astonishment, of his wife. "Who taught this boy to swear?"

"He has no doubt heard you," was the answer, "and he thinks whatever papa says and does is right."

Do you believe that man ever swore again in the presence of his child? Surely he could not, and he found, if he could restrain from using his oaths at home, he could certainly do so abroad. The consequence was that he gave up the habit entirely. Why can not others do the same?

The English language certainly contains words enough for use and requisite for all occasions without having to condescend to so miserable a substitute as this swearing. If the oath-takers knew how disagreeable their words sounded to others, their humanity would not let them hurt our ears with their swearing. If this sounds so terrible to us, how must it sound to Him whose name is so blasphemed!

Did the swearers think of this, their oaths would be charged for words of love, and the name of the Maker would be used only for supplication and praise.

If we want the millennium to come, F. S. F.

to leave off swearing.

EVE LAWLESS.

FOOLSCAP PAPERS.

My Visit to the Chinese Emperor.

WHILE in the Capital of China lately I called to pay my respectsfulness to the Emperor.

I had tried hard to purchase a Dime Book of Chinese Etiquette, but had failed to find one. I hadn't been there long enough to find out anything about it, so I went, utterly ignorant of Celestial civility, but made up my mind to do just as Rome does, which in this case meant the Emperor.

I was very anxious to see him; and, indeed, when at the capital of any nation, I always make it a point to call and see the king, so that in the future when I have occasion to take my grandchildren on my knee I will find pleasure—besides spanking them—in telling of my receptions.

The dainty girl's tastes never plunge be-

to

the

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

BY FRANK M. IMBIE.

I've been wondering all day long
What my subject should be for another song,
So with magical art I'll try to tell
Of true lovers' secrets guarded so well;

If I fail in my purpose I'll straightway go
Crying astern, and one know,

It's only one important question I ask,

It loves always in sunshine back;

Or is it the tremulous moment they say

When a gent asks a lady to—name the day?

I know from novels we ofttimes learn

The course of true love has many a turn;

Greater the joy the breakers are passed

When life began; love had its birth;

Lighting and gladdening all our earth;

It reigned in own dear parents' breast,

Crowning all joys with its golden crest;

Now, what is the tremulous moment they say,

When a father asked mother to name the day?

She deserve it? what was there in her to win him?

So, in sweetest abasement she took to her gentle keeping the destiny of Howard Denton, and thanked God for the precious task that was to be her life-work.

The engagement was not to be long: the lover wanted to take his bride with him on a summer tour to the Falls, the Lakes and the Mountains; and so, almost at once, Maize wrote to Juliette, away out at Hellington Park, and told her all the joyous news.

She was somewhat uncertain, when she wrote it, what her haughty sister would say when she learned that "Eben Clifford's daughter" had demeaned herself by marrying a man who "worked" for his living, even if it was with his brain; and Maize, therefore, was not disengaged when the answer came, angrily denouncing her for "taking her goods to such a market;" almost spitefully sketching pen portraits of an author's home, and an author's wife's destiny.

But Maize smiled to herself, and thought how little Juliette knew the sort of man Howard Denton was.

Somehow, Mr. Denton came to learn of the contents of the letter; she had grown very used to confiding in him, and almost before she knew it, he was laughing over it, and told her if it did not sound too conceited, he should certainly say Miss Juliette was jealous that Maize had beaten her in the race matrimonial.

So, seriously, he advised her to go to Hellington Park for a visit; see Juliette personally, and invite her to the wedding for the 28th of June.

And, nothing loth, Maize took the boat one delicious late May afternoon for Hellington-on-the-Hudson. It seemed to Maize like some enchanted spot let down from fairyland; and, as she roamed through the immense park, studded with miniature lakes, cascades, groves and lawns, where snowy statuary gleamed beneath the glossy sheen of silver waves and greenest foliage; where fanciful summer houses and silvan retreats lifted their graceful towers from above rose-vined trellises, she admired with a strange wondering awe that aught on earth could be so perfect.

And then the house—the grand white mansion, to gain the doors of which she had to ascend dozens of marble, fawn-guarded steps; this fairy palace, that was a picture to look at, so perfect were its appointments, so magnificent all its garnishing.

"Hear our living! Why will you persist in calling it by such homely terms? I declare, Maize, when I hear you talk so I feel tempted to believe you care nothing for my feelings."

And pretty Juliette sought refuge behind her black-bordered handkerchief.

"I do regard your feelings, Julie, cherie, and, if it will be any comfort to you, I will never use such plain language again. Now, dear, when are you going to enter upon your new duties at Hellington Park? Oh, how I wish I had a position as governess like yours!"

And the honest little sigh of regret that came from Maize's lips seemed to cheer Julie's spirits wonderfully.

"Indeed you may wish it, Maize; particularly—now, mind, this is a solemn secret—particularly as Mr. Hellington is one of the handsomest men I ever saw, and a widower besides. Oh, Maize, you don't know how ambitious I am."

"I can not censure you for worshipping it all," Juliette said, "but I tell you the solemn truth, when I say, beside Howard Denton's love, it all would not balance a feather's weight."

"You're a fool," answered Juliette, contemptuously. "As if any woman living would refuse all this splendor for the sake of love! But, Maize, when it goes with a man who is a god in himself, as Mr. Hellington is—"

And her brown eyes took in a proud, passionate light that revealed the secret of her soul.

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Now, Juliette Clifford is very proud of, and is quite given to boasting, on available occasions. "My sister, Mrs. Howard D. Hellington, of Hellington Park."

Lightning Jo:

OR,

The Terror of the Santa Fe Trail.

A TALE OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY CAPT. J. F. C. ADAMS, AUTHOR OF "THE PHANTOM PRINCESS"; OR, NED HAZEL, THE BOY TRAPPER; "OLD GRIZZLY, THE BEAR-TAMER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SHOT IN.

The little party of horsemen had scarcely begun their passage through the hills, when it became evident that they were to encounter the storm of which Lightning Jo had spoken. The warm air became of chilly coldness, and blew in fitful gusts against their faces, the sky was rapidly overcast by dark, sweeping clouds, and the rumbling thunder approached higher and higher, rolling up from the horizon like the chariot-wheels over the court of heaven, while the forked lightning darted in and out from the inky masses, like streams of blood. A few screaming birds went skimming away in a cloud of dust, and the appearance of every thing left no doubt of the elemental tumult, that was on the eve of breaking forth.

"We're going to catch it, you bet," remarked Jo, as he looked up at the marshaling of Nature's forces, clapping his hand to the top of his head, as if fearful that his cap would be whirled out of sight by the tornado-like gusts of wind, "but it would be worse out on the prairie than down here."

And Maize listened, and wondered while she listened. Why had it all come to her, this glorious love of such a god? how did

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that his tall was drawn from the loose grasp of Egbert, who, aiming to renew it, clutched vaguely in the darkness and was unable to reach his faithful animal. He could hear him floundering and neighing close at hand, but there was no use of attempting to reach him, and he called to the horse, in the hope that he would succeed in making his way to him; but he was disappointed in this also, for the noise of the struggles speedily ceased, and he concluded that the faithful animal was dead.

Rather curiously the young man had clung to his rifle ever since he was caught by the water tornado, and now that he was somewhat cooler and more collected, he resolved that nothing but "death should them part." It was troublesome to swim with it grasped in one hand, but he was quite able to do it, where the current possessed such extraordinary velocity, and he moved forward with little effort on his part.

All this passed in a tenth part of the time taken by us in writing it, and Egbert Rodman had scarcely gained a connected idea of what was going on, when he made the discovery that the channel through which he had been dashed was widening and considerably decreasing. The deafening crash that had been in his ears from the moment he was carried off his feet, now sunk to a dull noise, proving that he had emerged from the canon, and was floating over what might be termed a lake—caused, undoubtedly, by the widening of the pass through which Lightning Jo had attempted to guide the little party, with its two wagons.

With this discovery of the comparative calmness of the water, came, for the first time, something like returning hope to Egbert Rodman, who, feeling confident that there must be a tenable foothold at no great distance, began swimming forward regularly, so as to avoid being carried around in a circle.

Of course such a basin as this must have an outlet as well as an inlet, and it was his purpose to prevent himself being carried away into another similar canon, from which it was hardly possible to make such an escape over again.

This required severe effort, but happily it was accomplished sooner than was anticipated. While swimming vigorously forward, his feet touched bottom, and although scarcely able to maintain his foothold, yet by using arms and legs and grasping some branches that brushed his face, he succeeded in drawing himself out upon land, and found himself free from the flood.

"Saved at last, and thank God for it!" was his fervent ejaculation. "But what of the rest?—what of the women and children? and Lizzie—where can she be?"

All was of inky darkness about him, and he hardly dared to move for fear of plunging himself into some inextricable pitfall. Only by feeling every foot of the way as he advanced, did he manage to get away from the immediate neighborhood of the din and rush of waters.

Sinking down upon his knees, he crept along for some distance in this manner, until, as near as he could judge, he was in a sort of valley or ravine, much broader than the one in which he and his friends had been overwhelmed by the flood, and which seemed to have escaped the rush of water that had been driven through that.

Finding that it remained comparatively level, he finally rose to his feet again and advanced with more speed, but at the same time, with the caution due such a critical situation.

The wind was still blowing with a desolate, wailing sound, but the rain had ceased entirely; and the night, pitchy dark and cold, could not have been more desolate and cheerless.

"Halloo!" suddenly exclaimed the astonished Egbert, "yonder is a light as sure as the world! Who can be camping out to-night? Be a friend or foe, I must find out."

And with this resolution he started toward the star-like beacon.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 121.)

ROYAL KEENE, THE California Detective: OR, The Witches of New York.

A ROMANCE OF FOUR GIRLS' LIVES.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND KID," "WOLF DEMON," "ACE
OF SPADES," "RED MAZEPAS," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

A SUDDEN APPEARANCE.

CORALIE had risen to her feet when she beheld the strange effect of the potent drug upon the old man, and when her eyes beheld the legal-looking paper projecting from the breast-pocket of his overcoat, her quick wits at once conjectured that possibly it was what Van Rensselaer was in search of. For that he had some powerful motive for acting as he had in the matter she was sure. No common cause could actuate him.

From the old man's story it was evident that he was strangely interested in the Van Rensselaer family.

Duped as she had been by David, and forced to carry out his designs despite herself, she saw here a chance to baffle his plans, perhaps in the end defeat them altogether.

If the paper was indeed the object of which Van Rensselaer was in quest, what a triumph it would be for her to frustrate him and preserve the perhaps precious document.

With parted lips and a beating heart, Coralie stood in the center of the dingy room and looked upon the sleeping man. The thought came into her mind that Van Rensselaer might be watching her through the key-hole of the door. She was determined to secure the paper hidden in the old man's pocket, but to baffle Van Rensselaer's design, he must not suspect that she had taken it.

Coralie thought and acted quickly. She advanced to the old man and bent over him as if to assure herself that he was really sleeping. Then, with a rapid movement, she drew the folded paper from the pocket and thrust it into her bosom. Her back being to the door, the action was concealed from any one who might be watching there.

A smile of triumph shone in the clear eyes of the girl as her fingers closed over the paper.

"It is mine," she murmured. "Now, keen plotter, if this is what you are in search of, your quest will be a fruitless one. The

tool you have chosen shall wound your hand, instead of aiding you in your design. He laughs best who laughs last; to-night it was your turn, to-morrow it will be mine."

Then she drew her veil down over her face again and walked straight to the door of the apartment.

As she approached it, it opened and Van Rensselaer appeared. As she had guessed, he had been on the watch.

"Does he sleep?" he asked, casting an anxious glance toward the couch where the motionless form of the old man was extended.

"Yes."

"Wait for me in the carriage. I shall not be long," he said.

She simply bowed her head, but made no reply. She left the room, walked along the passage-way and descended to the street.

The hack now stood before the door.

"You need not wait for the others," Coralie said, determined to put Van Rensselaer to all the inconvenience in her power. Then she told the hackman to drive her to the corner of Twenty-third street and Broadway; something whispered to her that it was best not to give her address to the man.

Coralie entered the carriage, and the carriage rolled on and she felt the paper safe within her bosom.

After Coralie's departure, Van Rensselaer turned to Bishop, who stood just outside the door.

"Keep watch at the door outside and prevent any one from disturbing me," he said.

"All right," Bishop answered.

Then Van Rensselaer closed the door, and was alone with his victim. With stealthy steps he approached the old man, yet there was little need of caution, for Hartright was as incapable of motion as the gorged Indian serpent supine in its native jungles.

"The drug has worked well enough," he muttered, as he looked upon the sleeper. He proceeded at once to search his pockets, but no will rewarded his efforts.

"By heaven! he has not brought it with him!" Van Rensselaer muttered, in wrath. "I shall only have my labor for my pains. Can he have intrusted it to other hands?"

And his brows grew dark as he pondered over the question. "Impossible! he surely

would not trust so precious a paper out of his possession. It may be concealed somewhere about his person."

Again Van Rensselaer bent over the sleeper. As he passed his hand carefully over the broad chest of the old man, he felt something crumple at his touch, concealed within the vest.

"Aha! I have it!" he muttered.

A gleam of joy came over his features.

"There are some papers secreted within the lining of his vest," he continued. "At last I succeed. It's lucky that I thought to bring a knife with me." And, even as he spoke, he drew a sharp-edged bowie-knife from its sheath, which was fastened to a belt buckled around his waist.

He unfastened the old man's vest and threw it open; then, with the keen-edged knife, he carefully ripped open the lining. Two folded papers lay exposed to his hand.

Quickly he carried them to the table, and, by the light of the candle, examined them.

A shade of disappointment came over his face as he saw what they were.

"Neither one is the will!" he muttered, angrily. "What are they? Philip Van Rensselaer to Sarah Gordon. A marriage certificate. The date, 1842. This is the proof of my father's first marriage; 'A record of the birth and baptism of Alice Gordon Van Rensselaer.' That is the child mentioned in the will; the heir under that will to just one-half of my father's property. That villain, Keene, deceived me. These are the papers which, three years ago, I stained my soul with crime to destroy. The papers which I burned up, which were in Keene's possession, were only copies; these are the originals. Oh! what a cursed idiot I have been! That crime was a useless lesson."

Then Van Rensselaer was silent for a moment, buried in thought.

"Even if these papers are destroyed," he said, slowly, communing with himself, "this man can prove the identity of the child, Alice, if she be living, and something whispers me that she is. Her appearance, the will—which has escaped me—and his evidence would give this Alice half our fortune. These valuable papers are mine, but this old man could possibly prove the child's identity without them. But if he should never wake from this deathlike sleep?"

And Van Rensselaer glared harshly around him as he put the question which boded murder, as though he feared to see some shadowy form step from the darkness of his corners and answer his speech.

"Why should he die here and now?" he muttered. "He is an old man, on the very verge of the grave; few years—perhaps hours—of life can he call his own. But the means?" Van Rensselaer again glared round him with a half-shudder.

Suddenly the thought came to him.

"Suffocation!" he cried, in accents hardly above a whisper. "By simply winding my coat around his head he will die almost without a struggle. No marks to tell of the manner of his death. It must be so; this one crime, and then I'll stain my hand in blood no more. I can easily escape from the house. When they discover the body they will imagine that his death was produced by the drug in the liquor, and, to save themselves from suspicion, they will hush the matter up in some way."

With stealthy steps, Van Rensselaer approached the door and listened for a moment. Not a sound could he hear.

"If he should look through the keyhole, as I did?" the young man muttered, referring to Bishop.

And acting on the thought, he took from his pocket his handkerchief and fastened it around the knob of the door in such a manner that it hung down over the keyhole.

"It will be difficult to watch my movements from the outside now, I think," he said, with a grim smile. Then he removed his coat, and, holding it in his hands, carefully approached the helpless man extended on the sofa. Murder was in Van Rensselaer's heart and hand.

He bent over his destined victim, when a slight noise, as though a mouse had run across the floor behind him, attracted his attention.

"I do not understand it," Van Rensselaer replied, with frowning brows; "it is a most mysterious affair. But come; let us descend and see where this passage leads to. We may be able to find some clue to help us to unravel this tangled skein. Give me the bull's-eye."

Taking the lantern from the hand of

Bishop, Van Rensselaer turned; the coat had dropped from his hands upon the head of the sleeping man.

In the center of the room stood the Indian chief, erect like a statue, the dim light of the candle falling full upon his painted face.

A specter fresh from the shades below could hardly have startled the guilty soul of Van Rensselaer more than the sudden appearance of the Pawnee-Killer.

How he had gained access to the apartment was easily explained, for a small trap-door stood open just beyond the table and a flight of steps led down from it into the regions below.

In an instant it flashed upon Van Rensselaer that the Indian had played the spy upon him, although he could not understand why the savage should do so.

The Indian had taken the precious papers from the table where Van Rensselaer had placed them, and held them firmly gripped in his left hand.

A single moment the New Yorker glared upon him; then, with a cry of rage, he plucked the bowie-knife from its sheath and sprang upon the intruder.

Quick as a cat, the savage evaded the blow by springing to one side, and then, as Van Rensselaer passed, carried on by his violent rush, he dealt him a terrible blow under the right ear that felled Van Rensselaer like a log to the floor, senseless.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TRAP-DOOR.

WHEN Van Rensselaer recovered from the effects of the terrible blow he found himself in darkness.

Slowly, little by little, his senses returned to him. He still felt a dull pain in his head, and on carrying his hand to it, discovered that there was a terrible lump under his ear where the iron-like knuckles of the savage had struck him.

Van Rensselaer rose to his feet, his brain still swimming from the effects of the blow.

As we have said, he was in the darkness. How long he had lain upon the floor in his faint he knew not, for he felt certain that he was still in the room where he had fallen.

"Bishop!" he called, and his voice sounded harsh and unnatural.

The door opened, Van Rensselaer heard the cracking of the hinges, but no ray of light came into the room, which was not to be wondered at, for the entry-way was as dark as the unlighted room.

"Hello! in the dark?" Bishop said, in astonishment, as he looked into the room, speaking in a cautious tone, as if afraid of waking the sleeper. "What have you been doing all this time? I got about tired of waiting. What made you put the light out?"

"Have you the lantern still lighted?" Van Rensselaer asked.

"Yes."

Bishop sent the bright rays flashing full upon Van Rensselaer's face, and as he caught sight of his pale and haggard features he uttered a cry of astonishment.

"Why, you look like a ghost!" he cried.

Van Rensselaer replied not. He walked to the table, discovered that the candle was still there, and drawing a match from his pocket lit it.

As the dim rays illuminated the room another cry of astonishment came from Bishop's lips.

The sofa was empty; the sleeping man was gone!

Van Rensselaer's face grew paler still as he saw that both the savant and the valuable papers had disappeared.

"I am beaten," he muttered, in sullen anger.

"I don't understand," Bishop said, in wonder, "what have you done with the old man?" I'll swear that no one passed by me, for I've kept close watch at the door ever since you came in." And as he spoke his eyes wandered around the room in search of another door; but the bare wall, unbroken, except by two windows securely barred by heavy shutters, alone met his gaze. He saw no visible outlet except by the two windows, and, from the thick coat of dust upon the bolts, it was evident that weeks if not months had elapsed since they had been opened.

"The events which have happened in this room since I entered it seem like a terrible dream more than like reality," Van Rensselaer said, in a husky voice, evidently laboring under strong emotions. "As I stood by the sleeping man, I heard a slight noise behind me; I turned and beheld that drunken Indian whom we encountered in the entry-way, standing in the center of the floor. When I advanced to him, he struck me a terrible blow under the ear which felled me senseless to the floor. When I came to my senses, I found myself in utter darkness, then I called you."

"How the deuce did he get in?" asked Bishop, in amazement.

"By a trap-door here," and Van Rensselaer took the candle and knelt in the center of the room. Bishop bent over him. The lines of the trap-door were plain to the eye.

"I wonder where it leads to?"

"We must open and examine. The Indian must have carried the old man away through this secret passage."

Van Rensselaer tried to open the trap-door, but the effort was in vain, he could not stir.

Bishop then tried his hand but with as little success.

"I shouldn't imagine that it had been used for a year," he remarked.

"Then I have been mad, or drunk, or dreamed it all," Van Rensselaer said, dryly. "But see! look at the lines of the door. Do you not see that they are free from dust, while the cracks between the boards are full?"

"That's so, by jingo!" Bishop exclaimed, after a careful examination.

"It sticks, that is all. I'll try my knife and see if I can force it up."

The effort was successful; by the help of the knife point, Van Rensselaer raised the trap-door.

A deep, black void, into which led a pair of steps, met their eyes.

"You see this is the way by which the Indian came and by the same path he departed, taking the old man with him," Van Rensselaer said.

"Yes, but what object had he to mix himself up in the affair at all?"

"I do not understand it," Van Rensselaer replied, with frowning brows; "it is a most mysterious

SATURDAY JOURNAL

THE GIRL WHO GAVE ME THE MITTEN.

BY ARNOLD ISLER.

She was as beautiful and as fair
As the flowers that bloom in May-time;
Her voice was as charming and as sweet;
As the song of the lark's sweet strain.
Bright smiles were always playing on the lips
Of the bewitching, dark-eyed kitten;
The girl who, 't other night had the pleasure,
Of giving "Yours truly" the mitten.
My once fond hopes have faded away;
From scenes of pleasure I've parted;
I'm no longer of pleasure;
I am lonely, yea, broken-hearted;
Sadness has taken possession of me,
My poor heart feels terribly bitten!
Oh, Cupid I how couldst thou so cruel be,
To take her give me the mitten?
I told her of my love, I own I
On the banks of a crystal river;
And I asked her if she would marry me,
If she would be mine forever.
But alas! for the hours wasted in love,
Alas! for the heart that's been smitten:
The horseman was heading toward him, coming
On at quick speed, as if prompted by some
terrible determination.

upon the plain, but something moving over it!

Gradually the shadow of his own head and the dark speck were drawing nearer to one another. It was not this that led him to think the latter was in motion. For the moon was still declining in the sky, and, of course, his own shadow becoming more elongated. But just as the two came in contact, meeting upon the silvered surface of the prairie, there was a flash from the far-off form, as if the moonbeams were reflected upon a bit of looking-glass.

More likely the blade of a knife, or from

In this alternative shape did Richard Darke interrogate himself about the shining trees. There are none on that sterile expanse—not so much as a shrub, only patches of artemisia, that would not give concealment to a horse.

In either case there must be a man beneath it. As he stood scrutinizing it, his eyes strained to their utmost, he made out the figure of a man mounted upon a horse! The horseman was heading toward him, coming on at quick speed, as if prompted by some terrible determination.

It seemed the Destroying Angel! He did not stay to inquire further. Long before the approaching horseman was near, he had gathered up his reins, sprung back into the saddle, and was spurring over the plain as if his life depended upon speed!

CHAPTER XCVI.

RIDING AT THE MOON.

SOON after Jupiter's shadow came over Clancy's head, the latter could see his own projected far out upon the plain. It was no longer the spherical silhouette of his head, but of his whole body, from crown to heel.

For the mulatto had released him from his irksome confinement; and once more he breathed freely.

He was feeble. But for this Jupiter administered a medicine that quite restored his strength—some brandy brought away from the robbers' rendezvous.

The fugitive's story was soon told; how he had deceived the prairie pirates, and in the end got away from them; and how Brastort had enabled him to return upon the trail as far as a solitary tree which he remembered. Then the hound had started off, outrunning, got ahead of him. He had followed by guess; and by good luck had ridden in the right direction.

Clancy listened impatiently, scarce waiting for the end of the tale. His vengeance was still unsatisfied; his vow unfulfilled. The man who had caused all his misery was yet alive. He had just parted from the spot, and might be near?

Whether near or afar, he must be followed and found.

Once more taking possession of his horse, and appropriating the arms which Jupiter had stolen from the tents, he prepares to set forth. The mulatto, now afoot, can not keep pace with him, and is directed to stay behind. Clancy promises to come back, knowing he can find him. But, first, he must find Richard Darke—and kill him. He has no fear about the result. Something whispers him, he will now succeed. Despite the many disappointments, he believes it to be a fate.

I was chief-engineer of the Mona, a fine steamer plying upon the eastern coast of China, and the person with whom I held the foregoing conversation, as we emerged from the cabin after dinner, was my first assistant in the same vessel. The man, Atick, to whom our words referred, was one of the oilers, for those were palmy days in the Flower Land, and a white man was never expected to perform arduous labor, except in a case of emergency. All the firemen and coal-trimmers were also Chinese, and very efficient ones they were, too, for they could stand the heat and never shirked their work; but, of course, they did not receive the same pay as the oilers, many of whom understood the working of the engines as well as I did myself. The man Atick was a smart fellow, but he was inclined to be impudent at times, and it was on account of his having given me a "back-answer" that I had condemned him to toil for several hours in the stove-hole—a severe punishment, as, in addition to the labor, the culprit's *amour propre* was injured.

The horse galloped on, he knew not, recked not, whither. After the encounter with Simeon Woodley, so unexpected, so inopportune, he had been troubled with a presentiment of impending fate. But now that the other world had taken up the case against him; now that its spirits were appearing—a ghost in earthly guise calling out his name and accusing him of his crime—it was no longer a presentiment, but a certainty. Too surely was Nemesis pursuing!

Utterly prostrated by the appalling thought, he permitted his horse to gallop on. He did not even make an effort to retain his seat in the saddle; and, perhaps, would have fallen out of it, but for long practice and habit, that made the thing mechanical.

It was only when the animal, becoming tranquilized after its own scare, and jaded with the prolonged retreat, came to a stop, that the power of thought returned to its rider.

Then reflecting, or trying to reflect, he fancied it must be a dream. In his drunken slumber he had been dreaming—had visions quite as strange as it—terrible phantasmas—groups in tableau, with Charles Clancy pre-eminent among the fleeting figures. Was he still asleep, and the sight of a bodiless head but a continuation of them? Or was he awake and—

"Oh, God! I am awake. What can it mean? Am I mad?"

Thus spoke the conscience-stricken criminal, after his horse had come to a halt, and he sat, staring wildly around him. He no longer knew where he was, and even doubted what he was.

For a time he kept his seat in the saddle, reflecting on the spectacle lately seen, and endeavoring to account for it. His horse, long famishing, had dropped his head, and was picking at the scant grass.

The moon was still shining clear, but now nearer the horizon.

He faced round to the direction whence he had come. He saw his own shadow, with that of his horse, projected far over the plain. That was the side on which he had seen the specter; and there was his fear. Would the ghostly thing once more make its appearance? Would the head of Charles Clancy again rise up out of the earth and shout:

"Richard Darke—murderer?"

No—no! It all had been a fancy—a touch of delirium tremens—such as he had experienced before—more than once.

Glad to think it was but this, he was dismounted, with the intention to stay there for the rest of the night. He could do no better, having now completely lost his way.

He was about drawing off the bridle, to give his hungry horse to the grass, when his glance was again directed along their shadows; now, with the declining moon, projected still further over the plain. But at the point where they terminated—just over his own head—there was something seen, not visible, or not noticed, by him before.

It was a mere speck of somber color. It might be a stunted tree, or rocky ledge, cropping above the level of the plain?

One or other of these he at first fancied it to be, the fancy giving him satisfaction.

But as he continued to gaze upon it, he saw cause to change his mind. It was neither rock, nor tree, nor any thing fixed

upon the plain, but something moving over it!

Gradually the shadow of his own head and the dark speck were drawing nearer to one another. It was not this that led him to think the latter was in motion. For the moon was still declining in the sky, and, of course, his own shadow becoming more elongated. But just as the two came in contact, meeting upon the silvered surface of the prairie, there was a flash from the far-off form, as if the moonbeams were reflected upon a bit of looking-glass.

More likely the blade of a knife, or from

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In either case there must be a man beneath it. As he stood scrutinizing it, his eyes strained to their utmost, he made out the figure of a man mounted upon a horse! The horseman was heading toward him, coming on at quick speed, as if prompted by some terrible determination.

It seemed the Destroying Angel! He did not stay to inquire further. Long before the approaching horseman was near, he had gathered up his reins, sprung back into the saddle, and was spurring over the plain as if his life depended upon speed!

Upon the plain, but something moving over it!

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THE DIFFICULTY OF RHYMING.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

We parted by the gate in June,
But that soft and balmy month,
Beneath the sweetly-beaming moon,
And (wonth — hunch — sunth — bunt — I
can't find a rhyme to month)

Years were to pass ere we should meet,
A wide and yawning gulf.
Divide me from my love so sweet,
While (gulf — sult — mulf — stuck again;
I can't get any rhyme to gulf. I'm in a gulf myself.)

Oh, how I dreid in my soul
To part from my sweet nymph,
How long the parting long seasons roll
Before (rhym — dymp — symph — I guess
I'll have to let it go at that)

Beneath my fortune's stern decree
My lonely spirits sink.
For I a weary soul should be
And a (hmk — dunk — runk — sk — That will
never do in the world.)

She buried her dear lovely face
Within her azure scarf.
She knew I'd take the wretchedness
As well as (pert — sart — darf — harf-and-harf.
That won't answer, either)

Oh, I had loved her many years,
Till I loved her no more;
I loved her for her tender tears,
And also for her (wul — nelf — holf — pof;
no, no; not for her pelf.)

I took between my hands her head,
How sweet her lips did pouch!
I kissed her lovingly and said —
(bouch — mouch — louch — ooch; not a bit of it did I
say ouch?)

I sorrowfully wrung her hand,
My tears flew down escape.
My heart I could not command,
And I was but a (sul — dape — ape — aye;
well, perhaps I did feel like an ape.)

So I gave to her a fond adieu,
Sweet pupil of love's school,
I told her I would e'er be true,
And always be a (dool — sool — mool — fool;
since I come to think of it, I was a fool, for she fell
in love with another fellow before I was gone a
month.)

The "Thousand Islands,"
BY THE AUTHOR OF "IN THE WILDERNESS,"

IL — OLD "JOE" AND "BILLY."

Clayton is an old-fashioned town, far
apart from any chance of business, completely
isolated from the outside world; it is not for the lines of steamers which touch
at the wharf. A sleepy, quiet, rusty old
town, famous for nothing except its proximity
to the fishing-grounds, its Rip Van Winkle sleep and "Old Bill Johnson." Here for many years lived "General" Bill, noted for his connection with the Canadian revolution of '36, and here he died at a ripe old age, among the green islands where he had passed his life. Here his descendants still live, and are proud of their stout old ancestor, now gone down to the valley of the shadow.

We put up at the "Hubbard House," a quiet, old-fashioned country hotel, but with an air of comfort about it which its character does not belie. Here you will find the best of accommodations, good well-cooked food, and cheerful attendance, and a lunch sent out for your noonday meal which will make an epicure smile.

The Clayton boatmen are justly celebrated among all fishermen. Their boats are neat, light and commodious; they handle the sculls well, and can bring the blush to the cheeks of the most accomplished cook by their skill in getting up an island dinner. We sat down in the office of the hotel and smoked a cigar before dinner, while Viator sent a boy for his old boatman, who had pulled him time and again across the fishing-grounds. He came at last—a wiry, grizzled, muscular Frenchman, with one of the most comical faces you ever beheld.

"Aha!" he cried, "Mossi Viator, you 'ave appear again upon ze fishing-ground? I s'all ave ze honore of propze ze boat vyle you catch ze feesh zis summer, and y'all beat zeem all, by gar!"

"Certainly, Joe," said Viator, with a laugh. "You got my letter?"

"I ave zat honare. I can not read ze lettere myself but ma fille s'all read him so nice zat I s'all understand him. Aha, mossu! you s'all see ma fille a woman!"

"Can you get me a good boatman for these two gentlemen? Of course I don't expect to find one quite as good as yourself, but do the best you can."

"I s'all bring you my young friend, Billy, who s'all be von ver' good boatman, be gar. Soyez tranquils, mes enfants, I vill return soon."

He came back directly, followed by a young fellow about twenty years of age who took our fancy at once—a broad-shouldered, handsome, genial young man, who answered to the name of "Billy."

"You s'all approve my young friend Billy," said old Joe; his name was Jacques but by corruption had become simply Joe. "He ver' good boatman, my young friend, and he fearing nothing. He s'all teach ze young gentlemen how to catch ze pickerel, and ze bass, and ze muscalonge. Aha! ze muscalonge is ze prince of feishes, ze grand prey of ze fisherman."

The face of the old fellow fairly beamed with pleasure as he thus introduced his young friend, for he had not a particle of envy in his nature, and took pleasure in the other's success.

It is needless to say that Billy was engaged for Viator, having a regard for his personal safety, would not have us in the same boat with himself, and he expected that Billy would have to fish us out of the water a dozen times during the first two days."

"We won't go out to-night, boys," said Viator. "Get the boats ready and have everything in order for to-morrow and we will get an early start. In the mean time, to pass away a few hours, we will go over to Gawanogue in the 'Midge.' She runs here yet, don't she, Joe?"

"Oui, mossu; I vill tell Capitaine John son purpose to voyage yiz him."

Our boatmen left us, and we went in to dinner, which was served up in a style to gladden the heart of a fisherman. After dinner, we strolled down the wharf to the place where a good-sized wash-tub, called by courtesy a steamer, was attached to the dock.

"You don't mean to tell me that you are going over in that canoe?" said Jim, looking at Viator.

"Of course; she is a pretty good boat, if she is small."

"I've had all I want of steamboats," said Jim; "and if you want to trust yourself in an old raft like that, you may, but I ain't the one to do it."

But, by much chaff and contumely, Viator induced us to come on board, and with half a dozen passengers, all told, the little steamer swung out from the wharf, headed

for the point of Johnson's Island, and went off at the rate of about five knots an hour. The scenery was so new and grand to us that we forgot how slowly the minutes crawled by, and watched the changes in the beautiful archipelago as new scenes were opened to our view with every island passed. I was so exhilarated by the enchanting scene that I began to sing.

Now I don't advertise to be a *good* singer, but I didn't think I was quite so bad as those fellows made me out to be. Viator gave a screech of horror and ran into the cabin—the scoundrel wanted an excuse to go down and talk to a pretty girl whom he knew—and Jim said that if I let out another howl like that, he was going to jump overboard and swim ashore. And, to add to my confusion, the captain came up and said that his boat could stand a good deal of racket, but he wished I wouldn't do that again. I always like to humor people, so I stopped my song, and they all looked happier at once, and after a slow but pleasant passage, the little Midge reached the Canadian town of Gawanogue—a strange, quaint, weather-beaten-looking place, but typical of most of the smaller towns along the Canadian border—a spot where fluids are so ridiculously cheap that you fancy yourself in France, were it not for the burly, good-natured fellows, woefully lacking in regard to the letter "H," who bring you what you want.

When we had thoroughly "done" the town, visited the "nail-factory," looked at the pretty girls, bragged a little of "our side," and otherwise demeaned ourselves as only the irrepressible Yankee can, we returned to the steamer and sped away down the breezy passages, and what with "pale ale," "Cross and Blackwell's pickles," and sundry solids as well as fluids, we make the passage short; and long before we reach Clayton, even I am allowed to sing unchecked, which proves that I must have improved amazingly under the regimen.

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